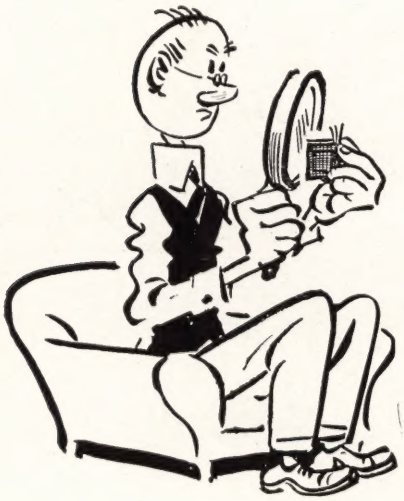
BALLYHOO

MARCH
15
CENTS

THE PERIODICAL TREND

Or with Rod and Gun, and a Spot of Tea, Through the Newsstands

By George Horace Zilch



Mah friends, a serious crisis has arisen in this fair land of our'n which bids fair to revolutionize one of our great industries. Whither are the magazines drifting? I ask you, mah friends! Whither are the magazines drifting?

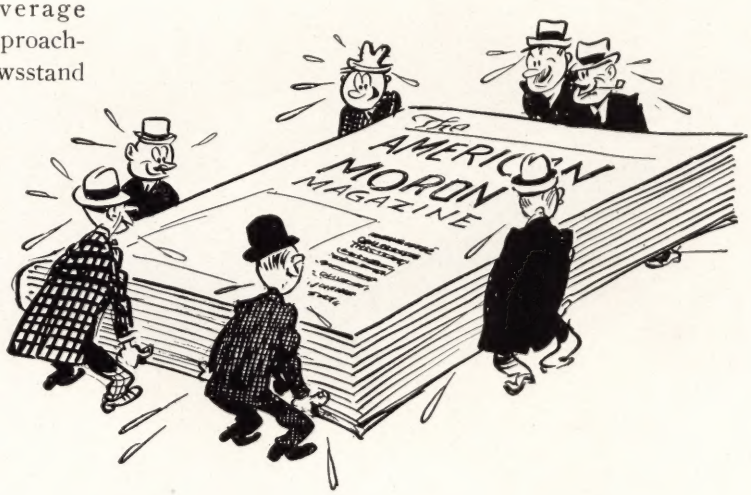
The average buyer approaching a newsstand today doesn't know whether the magazines he sees displayed are bed quilts or postage stamps. Unlike the automobile manufacturers, who have conformed so much that all cars look alike, the magazine publishers have gone haywire, some bringing out vest-pocket-size editions, others following the example of Hollywood and going Gargantuan, Stupendous and Colossal. If the thing keeps on *we'll be buying magazines the size of a pinhead* which will require a magnifying glass to read or we'll be carrying home, with the help of a couple of neighbors, *the latest suit-case-size copy of "American Moron."*

This will undoubtedly be followed by *"The Magazine with the 72" Wheelbase,"* necessitating six people to hold it, *or "Every Foot a Reader."*

Having ventured this far, they won't stop. They'll bring out still "Bigger and Better" de luxe models (on wheels) which will be so large each one will require its own chauffeur and garage. When this happens you'll be hearing of "Two Magazine Owners" and how Jones turned in his October issue of "Perspire" for a new "Colossal Monthly."

Newsstands will take on the appearance of Grand Central Stations and some publisher with imagination will insure "Reader Good Will" by furnishing free taxi service from one side of the page to the other.

All of which leads up to the stupendous announcement that in its next issue BALLYHOO is going to go *"Digest"* with a vengeance!



Watch for the Great Big Little *"Digest"* Number of BALLYHOO—out next month.

It will be colossal—in a tiny way.

In other words—"Infinite Riches in a Small Room" —you know—the Little One Out Behind the House.

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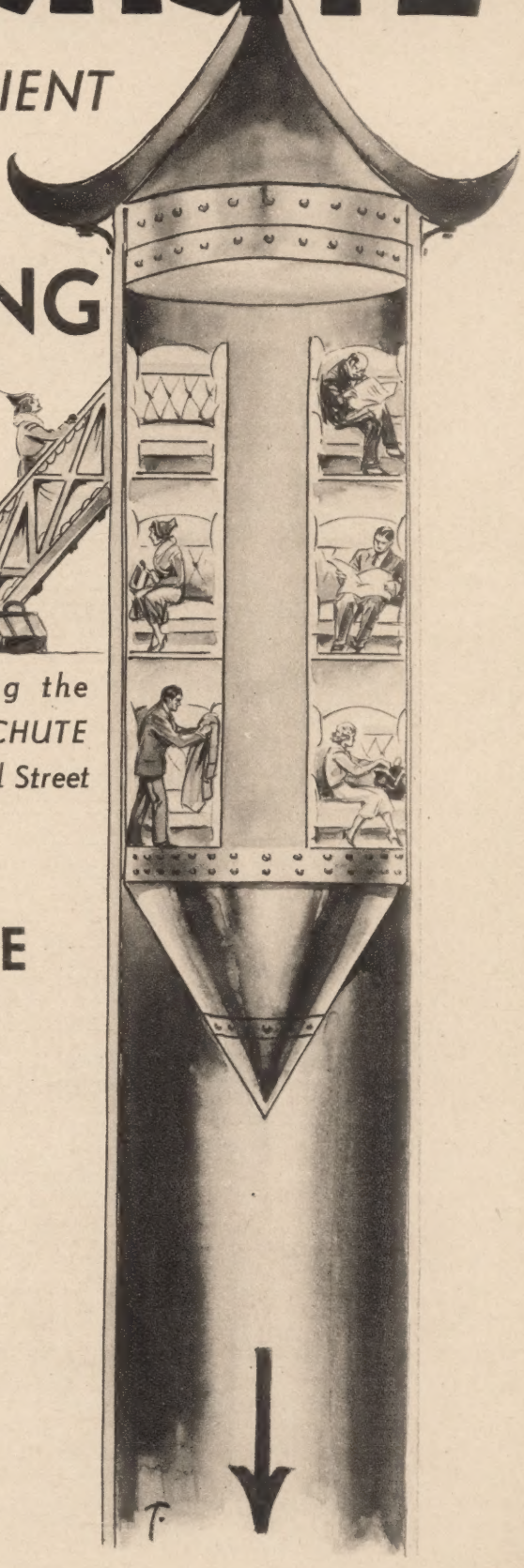
THE CHINA CHUTE

SHORTEST ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

8 HOURS TO PEIPING

BREAKFAST
in New York
TEA in CHINA

Boarding the CHINA CHUTE at 16 Pell Street



Travel the China Chute Way
and Chute the Works! . . . .

SHORTEST ROUTE

梅毒本

No Hurricanes

No Rough Seas

No Sea Gulls

No Hawaiians

No Beach at Waikiki

Contents of this magazine copyrighted 1937 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc.

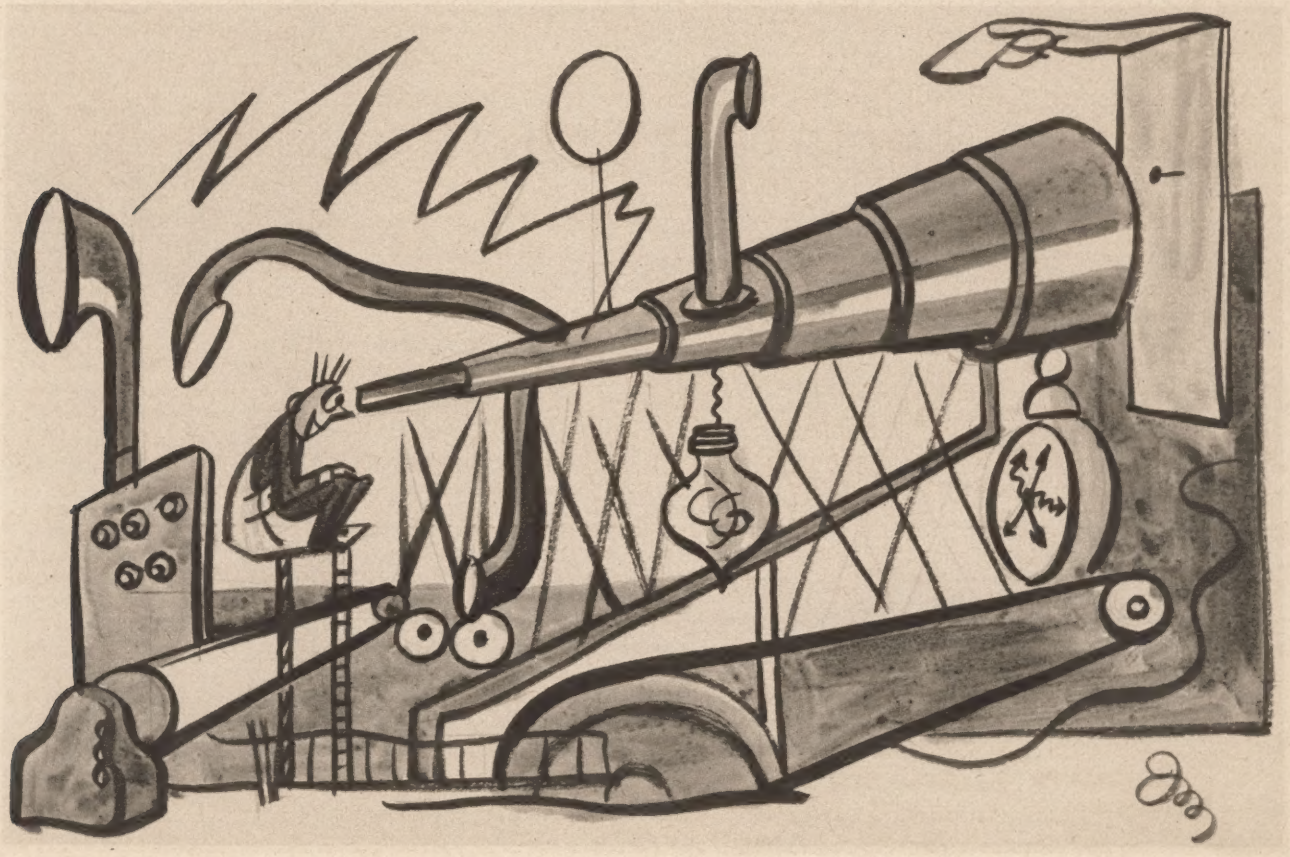
BALLYHOO 1937 SPECIAL!

French Post Cards Engraved on the Head of a Pin!

(At the Ridiculous Price of 10c a Dozen)

The only accessory needed to enjoy this new, popular art is the Little Marvel Magnifying Machine (pictured below) which sells at the amazingly low price of $3,685.00, F. O. B. Detroit, Michigan.

The Little Marvel is Now on Display in the Better Cities.



BALLYHOO

"Mother'd have a fit if she knew I fell in!"

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

G-MEN BAG BANDIT—RECORD CROWD SEES CAPTURE ENDING NINE-DAY SIEGE—CITY DESTROYED

NEW YORK'S most sensational manhunt of all time came to a victorious climax at 9:16 P. M. last night. As President Roosevelt pressed a button and a gallery of 500,000 cheered from hastily erected grandstands along Thirty-fourth Street, J. Edgar Hooper unleashed his combined forces of the Law and the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and National Guard, and in a final attack which lasted all night, captured Tiny Tim Titbit, notorious kiddie-bank robber who for nine days, trapped in Macy's Basement, has been fighting his losing battle with the Federal men.

The crowd which, under the glare of hundreds of Klieg lights and the searchlights that swept the sky, witnessed Titbit's surrender to the G-Men, was the largest ever yet to attend a Hooper capture. In fifty million American homes those who could not be present heard Graham McNamee's shot-by-shot broadcast of the most thrilling seizure in crime annals and listened to J. Edgar Hooper's own voice.

"Hello, ma!" cried the G-Men's chief excitedly. "I got the son of a ——, didn't I, ma?"

Today New York City from the Battery to Columbus Circle, with sections of Brooklyn and the New Jersey shore, is in smoking ruins, but Manhattan has been delivered from the reign of terror that has paralyzed the city while its every home and commercial interest has been at the mercy of the desperado at large in Gotham's midst.

At 8:10 A. M., as the Empire State Building fell, Titbit stumbled out over the piles of slain and lisped, "Okay, pals, I'll go quiet!" As J. Edgar Hooper was by that time in Macy's Basement searching for him and there was no one on hand with authority to take him in charge, it looked for a moment as if the bandit might escape after all. But when Titbit saw that the last means of transportation had been cut off with the leveling of the Sixth Avenue El, he fainted. An hour later, as President Roosevelt pressed another button and a five-mile parade of floats was set into motion along the charred wreckage that had been Broadway, and while Macy balloons mingled with zooming planes and bursting bombs, J. Edgar Hooper clambored across crumbled masonry and in front of grinding news cameras snapped handcuffs on the unconscious arch-fiend's wrists—and another gunman learned too late that crime never pays.

Long Hunt Brought Tip

The tip on the notorious criminal's whereabouts came as a result of the Federal Bureau's twelve-year search for Titbit in Buenos Aires. At 6:46 P. M., Jan. 18, a housewife telephoned to say that she had seen a suspicious character resembling Titbit hiding inside a showerbath curtain in Macy's Basement.

J. Edgar Hooper was quick to act. Wires sizzled between New York and Washington and the FBI leader was appointed acting commander-in-chief of all the U. S. military and naval forces. He at once placed New York City under martial law, at first ordering the city evacuated but later realizing that people would rather stay and watch what was happening, especially the Press. At the Federal chief's mandate, Marines marched to surround Macy's; and Saks, Woolworth's and facing buildings on Sixth and Seventh Avenues were taken under Government control and their windows studded with machine guns. Railroad Artillery was arrayed along Eleventh Avenue from Fourteenth Street to Times Square. The Cavalry and Tank Corps were held in readiness in Central Park, while Pennsylvania Station and the large hotels of the occupied area were commandeered for the quartering of shock Infantry troops.

Overhead the ominous drone of squadron upon squadron of bombing planes was soon mingling with the whine of smaller pursuit craft ready to dart in close battle formation should the quarry attempt escape by air. Governors Island and all coast defenses of New York Harbor and Long Island Sound trained their great guns in readiness while the Atlantic Fleet blocked the Hudson, with the Pacific Fleet steaming at full speed toward the Panama Canal. The manning of all Staten Island and Jersey ferries with Naval Reserves and the hasty conversion of both B. M. T. and I. R. T. subways into trenches and dugouts completed J. Edgar Hooper's program of attack.

"As far as I know—I'm the only guy who can do it!"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you my four brothers were going to practice here today!"

Grandstands Packed

At 8:15 P. M. sharp, Jan. 20, with grandstands packed and vendors of G-Men pennants and J. Edgar Hooper dolls lustily hawking their wares, the first fusilade of small shot notified the cowering fugitive from justice that the G-Men were at his heels. His answer was a frying pan hurled through one of Macy's windows.

"Let him have it!" snapped J. Edgar Hooper grimly, and machine guns all around the block opened fire.

As clattering stewpans and waffle irons continued to prove that the outlaw intended putting up a fight, Hooper cried, "Give him all we've got!" and all arms cut loose at once. The first air bomb missed Macy's, demolishing Gimbel's instead. As the Pennsylvania Hotel and the Post Office on Ninth Avenue collapsed under the gruelling bombardment of the Artillery, the Doughboys went over the top, only to be driven back by a hail of egg-beaters, electric toasters, double-boilers and other household helps.

Further determent was suffered when the New York police and the Fire Department arrived, but the Cavalry and the tanks thundered up in time to mow the intruders down. Time after time, behind a barrage of heavy fire, the Infantry stormed Macy's portals with fixed bayonets, but were forced back, and Hooper was obliged to change his tactics and wear down the enemy's resistance by prolonged siege.

Cut Off Food

The grocery department of Macy's was strategically annihilated, cutting off Titbit's food supply. The janitor was sent in at bayonet point to shut off the furnace and turn on the air conditioning in the hope that the stubborn bandit's ears and toes would freeze. Meanwhile, for nine days and nights the ceaseless besieging went on, with the burst of bombs and roar of cannon and the crackle of flames and tumblings of buildings blending with the other sounds that tend to trouble New Yorkers' sleep.

At the end of the ninth day, when it was seen that Titbit's supply of kitchen utensils was reduced to pan cleaners and tea strainers, Hooper massed his forces for a Herculean assault which lasted all night, and at 6:32 A. M., when finally no more kitchenware whizzed to clutter the streets along with the heaps of dead and the fallen buildings, J. Edgar Hooper shouted to his G-Men: "Come on, boys, we're going in!"

There was considerable delay caused by the revolving doors and another setback of an hour or more while Hooper and his men hunted for an escalator to the Basement, with the result that when at last they shot their way to Titbit's hiding place the bandit was not there.

Shooting their way out again, they are visibly perturbed, but a surviving Boy Scout pointed and said, "There he is, ain't he?" Hastening to Titbit as he lay in a faint, J. Edgar Hooper affixed the handcuffs with one hand and signed a vaudeville contract with the other while President Roosevelt pressed another button.

—MARIAN DEITRICK.

"See if you can't bring the poor fellow to. We can't find where he keeps his scotch."

THE EDITORS OF THE NEW LIFE BECOME ABSENT-MINDED

"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" "That was no lady, that was my wife."

He: "May I kiss you near the TVA?"
She: "Not by a damsite!"

1st Cadet: "Was your father wounded in the ranks?"
2nd Cadet: No, he was shot in the shoulder."

Mussolini: Emanuel, I'm going to let you lay this cornerstone.

King: Oh, I feel like the Duce!

1st Nazi: Heil, Hitler, your friend Goering looks old.

Hitler: Can I help it if he worries?

1st Trotskyite: I'm going to America.

2nd Comrade: Well, Bomb Voyage!

"I asked for tea and English crumpets, not trumpets!"

STAND-IN

NELLIE JONES was the stand-in for Gloria Glamore, the movie star. In case you don't happen to know what a stand-in is, it's a stooge who takes the star's place while the cameramen and directors are working out the tedious, preliminary details, getting the right focus, lighting effects, etc.

Unlike most stand-ins Nellie and Gloria really looked alike. That's as far as the parallel went. Gloria had left grammar school in the eighth grade for a job in the chorus which eventually led her to Hollywood and riches. Nellie had graduated *cum laude* from college, had taught school for two years and was visiting her aunt in Los Angeles when Gloria saw her.

From that time on Nellie became Gloria's Girl Friday and her every other day in the week. She even lived with Gloria in her cozy little thirty-six room cottage on Wilshire Boulevard. She taught Gloria to drop her dems and dozes, taught her how a lady should enter a drawing room and almost taught her a little sense.

As Gloria's dear, dear friends said, Nellie was a stand-in for Gloria in everything but her offstage romances. Gloria had been married, officially, four times and was looking avidly for Number 5.

Very wisely Nellie refrained from giving any advice in these torrid affairs. It must be admitted that sometimes she gazed wistfully out of her third story window at the manly young Lochinvars leaping out of their Buggatti roadsters but after all a hundred dollars a week was a hundred dollars a week and teaching a peroxide blonde to speak the King's English was a lot better than doing the same thing to a bunch of smelly brats. So Nellie continued to stand-in with and for the Glorious Gloria.

Until the famous Earl Hotchkiss came out to Hollywood with a new contract in his pocket.

Sol Greenberg of Stupendous Pictures sent him out to "Any Manse", as Gloria's friends called her little home.

"Listen, Hotchkiss," said Sol, "your first job is to write a picture around Glamore. We can't find one suited to her for love or money so you've got to write it. Go out there and live with her if you have to!" Sol winked. "And it won't be so hard either! Breathe in her character, her very life! Then come back here and do the story!"

So Earl went out to "Any Manse" and as it happened it was Nellie who opened the door for him. It also happened that Nellie was feeling a bit romantic that afternoon, (that gazing out the third story window had finally gotten to her!) and the fact that Gloria was in Palm Springs with her latest "passion" did the trick.

Earl introduced himself and told Nellie how much he'd enjoyed her pictures. Nellie thanked him and rang for a tray of cocktails. For three hours they talked, then they went to the Troc for dinner and after that for a moonlight drive.

Earl couldn't believe his eyes or his ears. All this junk he'd heard about Glamore was the bunk! Hell, she was a swell gal!

For four days and nights Nellie and Earl had a time for themselves. Every waking minute they spent together and then Earl told her that he had to go to work. Stupendous was yelling for the story and his vacation was over. He wouldn't be able to see her for at least a couple of weeks. Would she kiss him good bye?

Nellie kissed him good bye and went up to her third floor room and cried herself to sleep. She cried so hard that she didn't even hear Gloria arrive home.

The next morning Earl called up and Gloria answered the phone.

"Listen, Gloria!" the voice bellowed, "You may think I'm nuts but I'm so nuts about you I can't think of anything else! I can't work! If I'm going to do this damn story I've got to have you by my side! Will you marry me?"

"Who is this?" Gloria yawned.

"Earl Hotchkiss!" the receiver cried, "Who do you think it is? Charlie Chaplin?"

Gloria's eyes opened wide and she sat up straight in bed. Earl Hotchkiss! She remembered him well—remembered how he had snubbed her at that cocktail party in New York! And now he wanted to marry her! Weren't writers nutty and cute! The whole panorama unrolled before Gloria's eyes. She could see the headlines in the papers. "MOVIE STAR WEDS FAMOUS WRITER! HE TO WRITE HER NEXT STORY ON THEIR HONEYMOON!" What a publicity stunt! Gloria changed her yawn into a coo and put her crimson lips close to the mouthpiece.

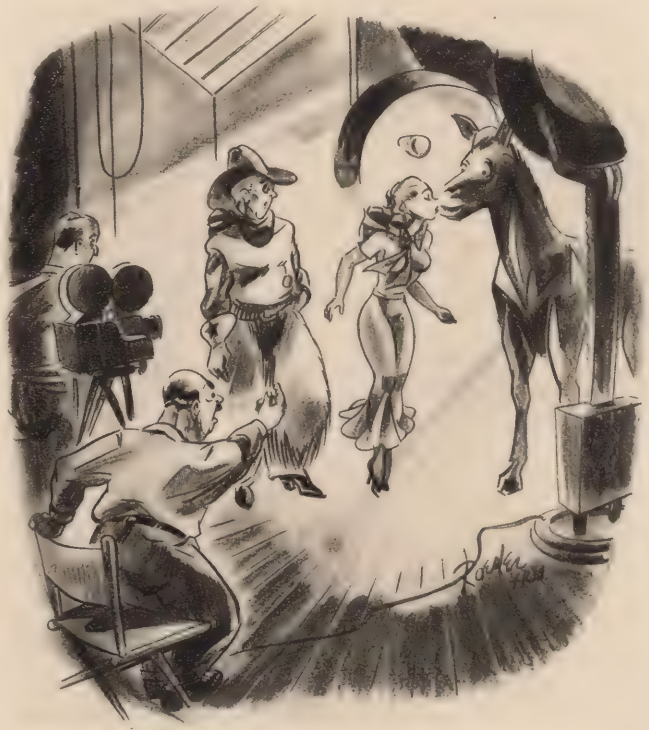
"This is really er-very sudden, Earl!" She gave forth what she thought was a silvery gurgle. "But it *does* sound interesting!"

"Nuts!" yelled Earl, "Will you or won't you?"

"Why—er-yes, Earl!" said Gloria softly. "When shall it be?"

"Meet me at the license bureau in an hour! We'll get married right away and catch the ten-thirty plane!"

Gloria put down the receiver in a mild daze, then she came to and called her press agent. After that she called her maids and Nellie and told them the glad news. Nellie took it standing up. (*Continued on page* 30)



"No, no, Miss Cushing, that *is Mr. Baylor!"*

READING BETWEEN THE COLUMNS

Can You Remember?—

Back in the good old days when only ONE man in Europe thought he was Napoleon?

—*H. I. Phillips.*

See America first, Hi!

●

Still it does seem that the late King and the scions and scionesses of the American royalty have a solemn public duty to hold themselves slightly aloof, perhaps even at the cost of creating their own night clubs and promoting their own prize fights apart from the common herd. They set a bad public example and make things difficult for young men of the lower classes who have only a few dollars to spend of an evening and discover all the ringside tables engaged by scions, who then try to dazzle their girls and buy their innocence with talk of yachts and shooting lodges away from it all.

—*Westbrook Pegler.*

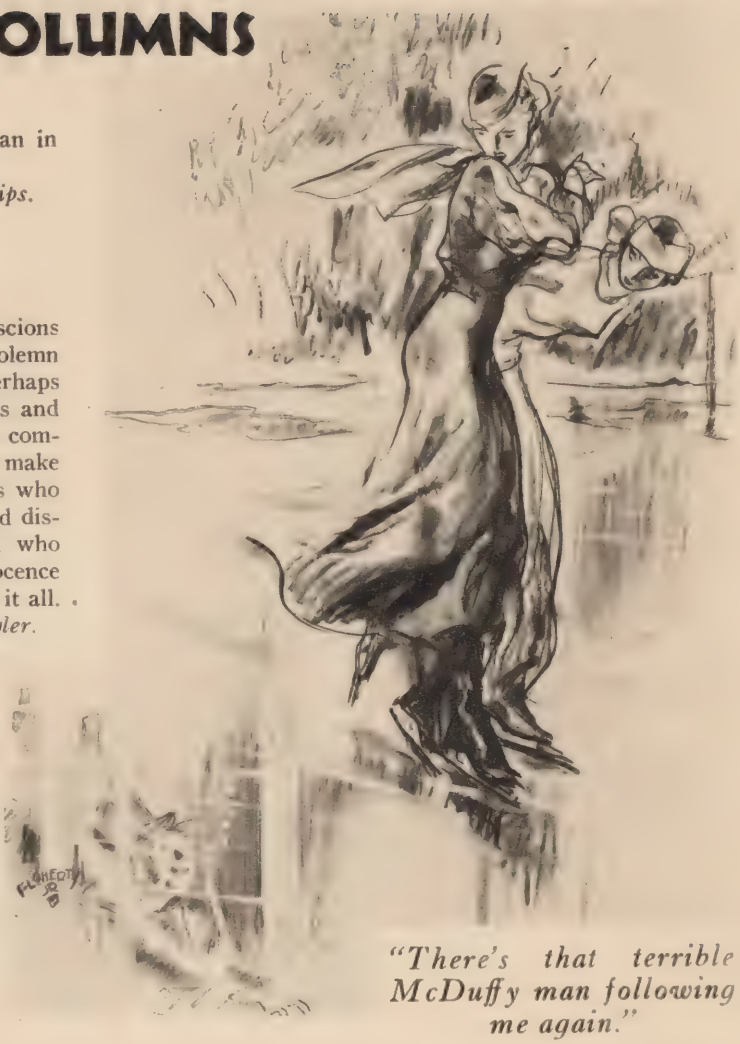
Psst! You forgot to add "with their slick city talk!" What have you been reading—? "Absolutely True Romances?"

●

After all, the chief rival of Norman Thomas in the last election was Franklin D. Roosevelt. I'm quite aware of the fact that Roosevelt is not a radical, but the Republicans drove many voters into his following by magnifying the left wing tendencies of the administration. Certain voters having the choice between the Socialist Norman Thomas and the "Socialistic" Roosevelt, chose the article which was better advertised.

—*Heywood Broun.*

If you realize the voters are that dumb haven't you realized by this time that you're wasting your time and lots of windmills?



"There's that terrible McDuffy man following me again."

Murray Hill is best in the thin apricot haze of sundown with the chirp of birds in ivy-tangled walls. Lights blaze in drawing rooms and one suspects sipping of long-casked port. Almost you expect the sudden scrape of fiddles and to see curtain silhouette curtsies of a stately minuet.

—*O. O. McIntyre.*

And then a stinking 4th Avenue bus comes along!

●

. . . that peculiar English current on the American vaudeville stage—"Right-ho, old choppi"—and so forth.—James Howard Wellard, "on understanding the English," in the Yale Review.

And wherever, old choppie, did you find an American vaudeville stage these days?

—*F. P. "Flash" Adams.*

Well, we'll tell ya', old choppie—at Loew's State Theatre, 45th and B'way.

"Why Matilda Amdsen! I never knew you were that kind of a girl!"

"Boston bars are featuring the Wally Cocktail. Three drinks and you are gone with the Windsor."—*United Press Dispatch.* It was a fair crack, too, when it first appeared in The Sun Dial nearly three weeks ago.

—*H. I. Phillips.*

Migawd, Hi! You're not going Winchell on us, are you?

●

The passing of the magazine Life editorially stressed the point that it had become "dated;" that its humor had lost step and more modern delineators of fun had come up from behind. Once the ace humor magazine, Life lowered its standard and slipped from a high place. Had it stuck to its original he-she joke simplicities it may have survived.

—*O. O. McIntyre.*

What? The Civil War?

●

"A hundred years from now poets and playwrights will still be versifying and dramatizing the romance of Edward and Wallis, happy ending or not," ran an editorial in yesterday's New York Post.

We are willing to bet the Post that a hundred years from now the affair will be forgotten except by antiquarians.

—*F. P. A.*

Such reporting Mr. A! How much are you willing to bet? And whatever the amount is, we'll wager you odds of 100 to 1 that you're wrong!

WASHINGTON, Tuesday.—This morning I saw a really thrilling exhibition of the art work being done in the Treasury Department.

—*Eleanor Roosevelt.*

Mercy, Mrs. R., where have you been *for the last four years?*

●

Take it from Irving Hoffman, which is how we got it . . . J. P. McEvoy was visiting a mission school where American girls teach the Chinese young. . . . "Can anyone," he proffered, "tell me who Talleyrand was?" . . . "Yeah!" replied one, "an American fan dancer and cut out that ridiculous baby talk!"

—*Walter Winchell.*

(Printed June, 1936)

Charles Hughes relays J. P. McEvoy's grand gag brought back from the Orient. A Chinese schoolboy was asked by his school teacher to tell who Talleyrand was. "An American fan dancer," answered the modern Oriental, "and you can cut out that baby talk, too."

O. O. McIntyre.

(Printed December 25th, 1936)

And the gag originally appeared in a college comic in 1935!

"It makes me cold just to see them!"

"Migawd! One drink and you go Karloff on me!"

FINESSE

She was beautiful in two ways.

Sidney discovered the first that afternoon he met her at Sherry's, when black satin and pearls and silver fox had very little to say for themselves —and a great deal to say for Cara Rinaldi.

The second, he discovered after they had approached the intimacy of a cocktail hour in his apartment. "Sidney," she had said, "how does one become suave and sure and debonair? . . . It's not been long, you know, since I was just a cashier in a Child's restaurant."

It was a neat stroke. Whether it sprang from a true striving for something genuine, or whether it was pure finesse, Sidney could not say. At any rate, it was neat. Beautiful as an arrow is beautiful, streaking straight to its mark.

Now tonight she stood before him, Cara Rinaldi, radiant in perfection whose advancement from Child's restaurant days was inevitable.

"You sent for me," Sidney said. "Here I am."

Cara moved toward him. "I sent for you," she murmured, "because tonight is a night of all nights. There isn't any moon, and the flowers are all dead . . . but you are a dear, Sidney; really, an extra-special dear. I've been thinking about you all the— weeks you've stayed away."

"The reason for my staying away," said Sidney, "is yours. Private property. If you wish to take it out of its glass case and smash it—well, I'm always waiting."

Cara pouted. "I suppose you mean Woozy," she said. "You're bringing *him* up again. You never could understand how a wealthy man could hold over a girl an attraction that wasn't physical. . . . But I'll forgive you." Her warm hand touched his. "I'll forgive you, because I don't want anything ugly or sordid or bitter to mar the beauty of this night—with you. For tonight . . . I want only loveliness and rapture."

Sidney bowed politely.

* * *

They went to the St. Moritz roof.

"You dance divinely," said Sidney. "But of course that is only to be expected."

Cara had a talent for silence; she knew just when words could puncture and when they could blunt. Some might have called it stupidity; others would have conceded that stupidity, skillfully applied, is often the essence of wisdom.

At proper length she spoke. "Isn't it beautiful, dear? It seems as though no one in the world is here—but you and I. Not all these people. Not— shadows of other people. Not Woozy, Sidney."

Sidney's eyebrows elevated. "He's a wealthy man, Cara. A bit stout, but money always does it. The bald spot can be remedied with a toupe, but there's no wig in creation for poverty. Better jump at your chance."

Cara shuddered very perceptibly. And provocatively. "Sidney — you don't think I could do it, do you? I mean—actually *love* that old gargoyle?"

He led her out onto the terrace where he lit a cigarette, its brief flare illuminating a strange smile on his face.

"No, dear," he said.

Cara was satisfied.

Later: "Sidney, dear, how could we make a night never end?"

"Why?" he countered.

"Because the way I feel for you— must be eternal."

"It shall be—eternal, Cara."

"Do you love me, Sidney?"

"Haven't I always?"

"Tell me with your own lips."

"I love you."

Cara sighed. "Thoughts of Woozy, and all ugliness, are very far away, dear. Tell me how long our love will last."

"Forever, darling."

"How long is forever?"

"Till the sun grows old and the stars grow cold."

"And after?"

"And after."

The stars went out, and couples left the floor, murmuring low, and the music became fretful. But still Cara and Sidney danced, the rhythm they shared in such flawless perfection emanating not from the music itself, but from some silent, mystic overtone.

* * *

Sidney rose at noon the next day, his mood, as evidenced by chasmic yawns, remotely distant from the fantastic idyll of the night before.

He chuckled as he re-read the scented note that lay upon his desk:

Sidney, Dearest:

When you are reading this I will be on the Ile de France on my honeymoon with Woozy. We are to be married at City Hall at nine o'clock.

About last night (for it *will* be "last night" when you are reading this) I have nothing to say. No apologies, no pleas. I would have told you, but I didn't want anything to mar the beauty of our last night together.

Goodbye,
Cara.

And Sidney laughed. Laughed just twice as hard as he would have laughed if government mails were less amazingly prompt, and Cara's note had been delivered that morning, as she intended—*instead of the afternoon before!*

—*Margaret Waite*

"Ain't that sumpin', Doc!"

ALADDIN'S LAMP

By Denis S. Sneigr

I HAD opened all my morning mail except one last ad. Oh, well, might as well open it too. I ripped open the slick, heavy envelope and out dropped a nice fat ad printed in three colors on slick stock. Across the top of the folder, I read:

DON'T LOOK LIKE A BUCKET OF PASTE

Have That Healthy Successful Virile Tan
Use The LITTLE SOL SUN LAMP

Fifteen minutes a day—in your own home—will give you a rugged, out-doorsy, Daniel Boone appearance —A Rich, Healthy Tan. No Longer Do YOU have to be a pale, wan, pallid, puny punk. Get some sunshine on that pan of yours and wow everybody.

"How do you like my new shade of nail polish, dear?"

Big business men don't like the pale, wan type. Get a good coat of tan and be a success.

THE LITTLE SOL SUN LAMP COMPANY

* * *

I went to the mirror, stuck out my tongue and said "ah." Yes, I did look pale. Perhaps even pallid. This was what I needed. With a good coat of tan, what couldn't I do. I clipped and mailed the coupon.

Four days later, the expressman arrived with a package for me. Eagerly I ripped open the wrappings and there was MY Little Sol Sun Lamp.

I immediately plugged it in the nearest socket. A nice steady stream of health-giving ultra-violet rays flashed out of the lamp. Six germs on a door knob gasped and fell off. I ripped off my clothes and began getting tan.

The first day I tanned for one hour, the second day for two hours, and I doubled the time each day after that until the Little Sol Sun Lamp was running twenty-four hours a day.

"There's a yacht goes with it if I can only remember what I did with it."

"Is there someone else?"

After six months of tanning I decided to be a success. The first business man I called on was in conference. My tan over-awed the secretary and I stuck my head in the conference room. The board of directors immediately made me president of the company, canning the pale, wan, pallid, puny punk who then was president.

The next business man I called on made me general manager. Before the day was over, I was president of six big corporations, on the board of directors of twelve others and general manager of eighteen big stores.

The following day was election day and I accidentally—never thinking, mind you—drove around town to look over my corporations. The voters going to the polls took one look at my virile coat of tan and wrote in my name. I was elected unanimously.

From mayor, it was only a matter of driving around the state to be elected governor. (I had my car equipped with Little Sol Sun Lamps by then.) And from governor to President of the United States it was just a tour of the country—letting the voters look at my tan.

All this success was very lovely, but finally I became too tan. People began to suspect me of being a foreigner.

"We shall NEVER be ruled by a foreign dictator," they cried, dashing through the streets.

"Let 'em eat Little Sol Sun Lamps," I sneered, but the cry of "foreigner" spread. Then came the revolution — chaos — hell — nightmare — blood — death. It was terrible. I turned off my two gross of Little Sol Sun Lamps and fled the country.

And here, an exile, I plan a comeback. Every day I spend three hours bleaching myself in a tub of peroxide. Slowly but surely the tan is coming off and then—white once more—I will return to my native land and be satisfied to be an unsuccessful, pale, wan, pallid, puny punk.

•

Dumb—Why can't a fish go to sleep?
Dora—How can he with a flapper on each side?
—*Exchange*

"Some sort of a warning, isn't it!"

WRONG AGAIN TOOTS - THIS WAY - !!
HENRY - IT IS MRS SIMPSON !!
?
WHYN'T Y'STICK OUT YOUR HAND TAKING CORNERS NITWIT ?
ARE YOU SURE YOU TURNED OFF THE ICE-BOX ?
DON'T NOW BUT LOST
DAWGGONE ME - E-EMAGINE BUMPING INTO YOU HERE !!

NONE O' THAT LEAVIN' ME IP HERE ALONE STUFF YOU BIRDS — REMEMBER I'VE STILL GOT OUR FLASK !!
HOLD EVERYTHING, MEN — THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS JUST STARTED TO CHANGE !!
AM I IN AN AIR-POCKET ?
?
WILBUR-WE'RE HEADING FOR A WATER-HOLE- TURN OUT !!
LOOK MARGE YOU'VE YOUR TIS !!
MT. FLOOPH LIFE-SAVING STATION AND UPSTAIRS SPORTING A.C.
HAW-HAW- THIS JUST PUTS ME TWO UP ON YA SILLY-!!
OKAY OKAY- NOW IT'S MY SHOT !!
RACE RESULTS
MAC'S STUDIO-- SKIS OR SKIERS RE-CONDITIONED IN 10 MINUTES - (NO WASTE) - ALSO SCOTCH, RYE OR COCKTAIL ST. BERNARDS ON CALL AT ALL HOURS..
FARR

A BALLYHOO SHORT SHORT

KIND LADY

THE lone young man who entered the small Hollywood restaurant peered around eagerly at all the tables and sat down facing the door with his eager look gone strained.

"How are you this evening?" said the fat blond waitress with the fortyish friendly face.

"Uh—good evening," said the young man, startled but polite.

"You're getting to be quite a regular customer," the jowly waitress said pleasantly.

"Oh—yes, I—that's right."

She poured water for him and brought him a menu. "Come to Hollywood to stay?"

"Oh, no, I—go back to San Francisco to-night."

"Well," the waitress said, "that's too bad. You ought to visit us longer now you're here."

"I certainly wish I could," said the young man with strange fervor. "I've waited long enough to get here."

He flushed then and stared at the menu, smoothing roughly with a trembling hand the bare spot where his hair line had drawn back.

"The roast beef is nice to-night," the fat waitress said. "Or the veal stew. Either one's fine."

The young man passed his hand over his forehead and eyes. "I'm not hungry. Oh, I've got to order something, though." He was muttering. "I'll take the stew."

"Okay," she said and went away. While she was gone the young man gazed at the restaurant's door, wetting his lips from time to time. When she returned he was buttering French bread nervously. "I brought consomme," she said, "like you always have."

He stammered thanks. "I—forgot it to-night." He asked her, "Have you been waiting on me every meal the whole three days I've been coming here?"

"Breakfast, lunch and dinner," she said. "You always sit at this table. It's one of my regular ones."

"–anD the pRincess sez; % tAke Your hAnd offen my xxxxxxx wisHbone youDirty bxxxx hunka Tripe—"

"That's—" he broke off to stare quickly back at the door as it opened. The excitement in his face became wretched disappointment as it always did.

"I bet you're watching for movie stars," the fat waitress said, pinning a wisp of yellow hair into its mathematical waves. "You're sure in the wrong place for the kind you want to see. Why pick a dump like this?"

He put his soup spoon down with a clatter and looked up at her, flushing. "Do any kind come here? I mean—I was told—the old-time ones—I mean the ones before the talkie days—"

His new-found friend looked at him curiously. "What do you want to see those old has-beens for? Sure, some of 'em eat here. That's Bob Wilkes sitting there, and there's Grace Wright over by the wall." She laughed, shaking her head wonderingly. "You're a funny one, all right. I should think a young fellow like you'd be over at the Troc and the Derby ogling at Dietrich and Garbo."

"Does—" her customer's eyes sought hers feverishly—"does Marie Marquette ever come in here?"

The waitress seemed very surprised. "Marie Marquette? What do you want to see *her* for?"

The young man pushed his bowl of soup back and said hoarsely, "Oh, I know—she wasn't even so very famous—even 'way back then. But she was so—gosh, she was so—"

His voice failed him. The waitress looked at him queerly as she removed his soup. She came back promptly with a plate of stew and vegetables. "So you want to see that old has-been Marquette!" she said, still marveling. "Sure, she comes in here sometimes. And what would you do if she was to walk in and I pointed her out to you?"

"*Point her out* to me?" The young man regarded her incredulously. "Why, her exquisite little face and beautiful little figure are engraved forever on my memory! That adorable dark windblown bob framing such delicate, perfect beauty—"

"Say," the waitress demanded, "how long since you saw her?"

"Nine years," the young man said defiantly, "but she was so darned young then. Oh, of course I know actresses sometimes look younger than they are, especially on the screen, but she was different—you could *see* she was just a kid. I—I wasn't very old myself. She was the first girl I ever cared—cared about looking at. I saw every one of her pictures over and over, even the ones where she just had small parts, before they starred her for that little while just before the talkies came. I'd always stay through the whole show all over again and then go back and see it again besides. I used to write over and over to her company, signing different names, begging them to star her, and I used to pray she'd be starred too, and when she was starred finally in *Kind Lady* I stayed all afternoon and all evening watching her—four shows straight. Oh, she was the most gorgeous little thing in *Kind Lady*—lovelier than ever, and so sweet and *kind*. Just like her own natural self, every story I read about her said—"

He was still watching the restaurant's entrance, not eating his dinner. "That's how I dared plan and plan for this moment—this chance to really see her and speak to her. She's so wonderfully kind I was sure she wouldn't mind if I—just said 'How do you do, Miss Marquette?' and told her how I used to enjoy her pictures. I know she wouldn't mind talking to me for a minute or two, even if (*Continued on page* 32)

eminent

Miami's muscular mailman, Milton Treager, gives his puppies a rest by collecting the mail in this unusual manner, and at the same time gets the gals to look up to him.

Baa, baa, ah, said the little lamb, as what lamb wouldn't, when being groomed by lovely Barbara Dresser for the International Livestock Exposition.

Below: Curly Townsend reverses procedure 'bringing up son' by training him for the depths of the sea. "Butch" Townsend, only eighteen, is the youngest deep-sea diver in the world, yet he is a veteran at the game having had four years' experience.

Business is shaping up nicely for this Miami gasoline filling station. Patrons receive service with a smile from pretty Frances Wells.

Right: "Anthony Adverse" a mere pamphlet compared to the 1,000-page, 110-pound manuscript, being prepared by Prof. R. H. Wheeler, University of Kansas psychologist.

americans

Helen Crlenkovich, high springboard diving champion, demonstrates a new sort of dive skiing down an eighty-foot borax slide erected by a San Francisco hotel on its terrace

Keep fresh with cellophane! Here's Benita Frances, San Francisco beauty, demonstrating milady's latest—transparent shower curtain.

Fore! Fore! Beware when Mary Taylor approaches for this golf fan drives a tee right through a ball.

These three and one half inch long, when combed, eyebrowstaches of J. S Standley are his claim to fame

Photos by Acme

Manna from Heaven in the form of honey from a spigot for your pancakes. James F. Glynn, honey dealer, of Fairmont, W. Va., found that a swarm of bees had hived up somewhere within the walls of his home and so the bright lad ran a pipe line through to the kitchen table.

SQOONCH BECOMES A LONE WOLF

"YOU'LL have to go down and see Sqoonch," said the Editor. "He's refusing to be interviewed again."

"How do you know?" asked Thursday, starting to beat his typewriter into a sword at the call to duty.

"Lay off that typewriter," commanded the Editor. "We're paying for it by the five-year plan. He just called up and said he would refuse to be interview."

"Why, who was going to interview him?"

"Nobody," said the Editor. "It was his own idea."

Thursday began to beat his sword back into a typewriter. "I won't go," he said with finality. "I'll abdicate first."

"Where to, Doc?"

"You can't," said the Editor. "The idea is copyrighted."

"Well, I'm tired of talking to that goofy bat," said our man Thursday. "Will you give me a raise if I go?"

"Yes," said the Editor. "I'll raise your name back to Friday—if you bring me a good story you'll be Our Man Friday."

* * *

Olaf Sqoonch received our reporter with his usual graciousness. "I thought I told your editor I wouldn't be interviewed?" he inquired mildly. "This constant intrusion on one's privacy will drive me to live in England, one of these days."

"It'd get you nothing," said Thursday, offering himself a cigarette and lighting it. "It's considered cricket for the English to intrude on an American's privacy, but not for the American to intrude on an Englishman's privacy. The playing fields of Eton, you know, and all that sort of thing. You know about an Englishman's home, don't you?"

"Certainly," said the aged seer. "It's badly heated, and the drains don't work."

"I don't mean that," said Thursday. "I mean, it's his castle."

"I still insist that it's badly heated," said Sqoonch firmly, "and the plumbing is terrible."

"The sun never sets on it," offered Thursday.

"It wouldn't bother," said Sqoonch.

"About this interview that you refuse to give—" began Thursday.

"Ah, yes, the interview," said Sqoonch. "Well, of course, if you aggressive news-hawks insist on prying into my affairs—"

"I don't insist," Thursday pointed out.

"You do," the youthful nonagenarian replied.

"I don't."

"You do."

This went on for some time, and finally the old benefactor consented to be interviewed.

"You see, it's this way," said old davil Sqoonch. "Most of the progress in the world is due to the ingenuity of man. I've often thought that if men had to bear the children, they would have done something about making it safer and less painful long ago. But women don't seem to mind pain—

"It's a camera—you never know when a picture will come along!"

"I'm waiting here for my girl!"

it gives them one of their few points of superiority over the male."

"But if men bore the children they wouldn't be men . . . they'd be women. So they wouldn't mind pain, and there'd be no reason—"

"Exactly," said Sqoonch politely. "We are of one mind . . . and I have it."

Thursday rose. "One more crack like that—"

Sqoonch looked alarmed. "Please don't go. Remember, you promised to force an interview out of me. I didn't mean it, anyway. I never know what's going to come out of my mouth when I open it—it says what it likes." He looked away absently. "Not that that wasn't a pretty good wisecrack," he said softly. "They'll be attributing it to Dorothy Parker one of these days."

"You were saying—?" prompted Thursday.

"Oh, yes. Well, I thought, women do most of the work in the kitchen and around the house, but it could be done much better if man applied his ingenuity to it, so I applied my ingenuity. I've got a kitchen sort of fixed up. Come with me and I'll show you."

Thursday started in the direction of the kitchen. "No, not that way," said the aged master mind. "Not the regular kitchen. I've fixed up one of my own."

"Why, what's the matter with the other—"

"Well, the fact is, Mrs. Sqoonch sort of—sort of, that is—"

"You mean, Mrs. Sqoonch sort of threw you out of her kitchen?" inquired our man Thursday.

Sqoonch nodded. He sighed. "Well, man works always against great odds, and must play a lone game," said the lone wolf. "Come with me."

The kitchen the master took him to was filled full of strange looking gadgets and contraptions. Thursday looked around him with interest. "What's that?" he asked, pointing to a machine with prongs and a glass tube.

Sqoonch beamed. "That's my new machine to make turnips taste like parsnips. No home worthy of the name can afford to be without it."

"But I don't like the taste of parsnips," objected Thursday.

"I've taken care of that contingency. This other machine, here, makes parsnips taste like turnips." He turned to him in triumph.

"But I don't like the taste of turnips, either," put in that old objector, Thursday.

"That's the point," said Sqoonch. "So, no matter which food they serve you, and no matter which of those two vegetables it tastes like, you'll be able to refuse to eat it, and can (*Continued on page 31*)

"The man from the Bowling Alley? Send him right up!"

"I ain't fer intrudin', lidy, but if ya don't mind, yer 'ouse is on fire."

"I don't mind."

"Yer bloomin' 'ouse is burnin' down! Run fer it!"

"Give yaself a tongue, young man, louder!"

"Burnin'!"

"Burnin'?"

"Step lively now, grandma, ye'l 'ave the roof on yer 'ead!"

"Mind 'oo yer callin' grandma!"

"Faaa! Up an' away! I'm not takin' retorts in a crisis!"

"I'm fer stayin' till I smell the smoke."

"'Is Majesty should see ya roostin' 'ere. A fine subject what does everythin' counter-clockwise. I'm sayin' outright, people what sits in fires come to no good end."

"I been sittin' in a fire since I first drew breath. I been sittin' in a flow a molten ash, my lungs scorchin', tossin' wads a 'ot lava through these nostrils. 'Ow? Love done it. Passion from the roots. I never 'ad much talent,—I 'ad genius. Tall ones, short ones, fat ones, skinny ones, lean an' long, round an' roomy. Even the Colonies sent agents. But one,—*ah*— George, *'Ee played music. 'Ee played music on my 'eart an' my purse at the same time."*

"Drummer, uh?"

"Drummer? *Drummer,* 'ell, *'ee was the* whole damn band!!"

INTERLUDE TO ROMANCE

"NO, GERALD," said Gertie firmly, although with shaking voice, "I love you, but I don't want you and I to live with your mother after we get married. It ain't—isn't fair, Gerald dear, to a young husband and wife as much in love as you and me to have an old lady around watching everything they do. Don't you understand how I feel about it, lover?"

She was sitting on the steps of one of downtown New York's three-story brick houses converted into one- and two-room apartments. She sat hugging her ratty lapin collar around her because she was shivering with both the evening's cold and her emotion. In a hoarse voice that was almost a whisper, she went on addressing the silent handsome young man dimly outlined before her in the meager light of the dingy street.

"Of course I love your mother too," she said, "but it's just that I want you all to myself in a swell little nest just for we two together, Gerald darling. If I wasn't so nuts—crazy about you, I proba'ly wouldn't care if I had you all alone or not. I guess every girl that's passion't'ly in love with a fellow feels the same way I do. So I guess you gotta choose between me and your mother, Gerald. Because if you reely feel you gotta have her live with us for you to support her right, why then you and I certainly better break up. Because it ain't right for no young married couple to have an old lady around."

The shadowy young man became galvanized into desperate gestures. "But Gertie, my sweetheart, my true love, I love you! From the very foist moment I laid eyes on your beautiful little form—the day you and your goil-friend moved into this house and I and my mother had just come in from somewheres and I helped you with your heavy suitcase so's you wouldn't blister or serl your precious little hand! *Think,* Goitie, my adorable goil, of all that has passed between you and I since that chance meeting which Fate must of surely brought about! How can you speak of parting after all we've been to each other? Why, you've often said you loved me too the moment you foist saw me—"

"Yes, Gerald," sighed Gertie, "it is true. Ah, Gerald my love, how my heart pounded when you asked me to dinner that fateful night right after you carried my suitcase up! How it pitty-pattered while I was dressing to go and eat with you, and remember how we went and sat in a little rest'runt in a little corner all by ourselves with a little poiple silk light, and—and that very foist evening how we confessed we'd already fell in love with each other? And right there you asked me to marry you some day when you had enough dough—money saved up. And I said I would, and then we went back to the house and went up to my dump—I mean my room—and Marge was out with her boy-friend and you and me spent that wonderful evening together. Ah, the foist time you kissed me, Gerald—ah, I'll never forget. But then I got to thinking about your mother and would she have to live with us, and ever since then you and me have quarreled bitterly. So now—now, Gerald my dear love, my only love, I guess we gotta part."

"No, Goitie, my darling, my beautiful sweetheart, don't say such cruel woids! I cannot bear to part from you! Why, my life would be but an aching verd without you, my—my jewel, my dove—"

"There's something else," whispered Gertie hoarsely, "that I ain't told—didn't never tell you, I mean. There's —another guy. I mean another man. He—he loves me, Gerald. Poor Al—why, he's loved me for years, and I'm afraid he'd shoot himself if I canned him. I—I never told you about him, Gerald, because I didn't want to hoit you. But with your mother coming between you and I, and everything, I guess I better marry Al instead."

"Never, Goitie, my angel, my beloved, never shall you wed another guy! I care not what you have been! You belong to me—to me, I say, do you hear? Come to my arms—*now* try and say you belong to another guy, with my lips crushed passion't'ly on yours like this here! Goitie darling, *say* you don't love no one but me!"

"Ah, Gerald, my darling, of course it's true! I love only you! My man! My—my all in all! I was a selfish fool. If your mother wants to live with us, she can. I agree to *any*thing, for your sake, Gerald—for the sake of our beautiful love—"

Abruptly Gertie stopped muttering and panting and squirmed to one side of the steps to allow two people to descend. They had paused at the mail boxes above, a slender woman of forty or so and a handsome young man who looked, in the street's dim light, strangely like the handsome young man of misty shape who had been ardently embracing Gertie and who now had magically evaporated into the winter dinner-hour gloom.

"Oh, good evening, Miss—uh—" said the handsome young man who was taking mail from the box labeled *Gerald Blakeman.*

"Good evenin'," murmured Gertie, flushing behind her ratty lapin collar.

"This is the girl who moved in this afternoon," the handsome young man told the woman whose arm he regrasped tenderly. To Gertie he said politely, "Sorry I couldn't stay to help with the rest of your bags. My wife had a job for me before we went out to dinner. This is my wife," he presented the older woman.

"How do you do?" the woman said.

Gertie sat shivering a little into her ratty lapin, watching them go arm in arm down the poorly lighted street. She was sitting hunched in the same position when a pimply young man with his hat on the back of his head approached, climbed up on the steps, and over their rail slapped Gertie on the rear.

"Hi, babe. Dreamin' about me?"

"H'lo, Al," said Gertie.

"Where ya wanna feed? Childs?" "Yeh, I guess so," Gertie said.

"I had an olive and pickle sandwich, with a marshmallow maple-walnut fudge sundae, and 'Gone With The Wind.'"

TIME MARCHES ON!

Pathetic view of a gentleman, who has recently been rejuvenated by monkey gland treatments, endeavouring to convince a government official of the Social Security Board that he is 65 years old.

Candid view of one Jacob Finkelstein, prominent Bronx Jewel merchant, notifying any nearby pants bandits he is not afraid of them.

A strange but thoroughly understandable shot of Euripides Lamb, taken on Fifth Avenue the Monday after he had spent the entire preceding day taking ardent lessons from a snow-train ski-instructor.

Dieppe Davis, progressive playwright, who is now working on completely silent plays that will in no way interfere with the absorbing conversation of the members of the audience

Another encouraging sign of the times—fur-lined sandwich boards for winter wear.

Saddening snapshot of a young lady, showing the result of having spent most of last evening dancing with a Yale undergraduate.

An ingenious filling station proprietor, depicted as he utilizes his standard equipment to foil marauding bandits.

A charming view of Russell Bjirke, well-known interior architect, measuring off the dance floor for a new night club he is currently "doing".

MR. POTTER'S DOG-WALKING

Mr. Potter had two friends with whom he was less shy than with other people, in spite of one of them being of the sex his extreme diffidence caused him to shun as he would have shunned a dismembered corpse. Alice and Raymond Clark were an unconventional pair whom the Potters had known for years, and although Mr. Potter often didn't quite follow their quips or fully enter into the spirit of their general nonsense, their affectionate tolerance of his eccentricities made him feel as much at ease with them as it was possible for such a timid and self-conscious man to feel in the company of his fellow mortals. And every now and then, when his bit of a constitutional after office hours took him down lower Fifth Avenue, he walked a little farther and dropped in on the Clarks.

When he called on them late one afternoon shortly after the start of the new year, he was greeted in the vestibule by his hosts and likewise by a large catapulting shaggy object which knocked him down and trampled him. Mr. Potter was scared out of his wits, but amiable sounds made by the creature attested that the onslaught was hospitable rather than hostile, and whoops of laughter from the Clarks proved the reception to be all in good clean fun.

"It's only Foopski!" they cried. "Get up, Peter, and meet Foopski!"

"Lady, that's my *underwear you have hold of!"*

Mr. Potter considered that he had already met Foopski, but he got up, and while the Clarks held Foopski off, he was able to appraise his assailant. Foopski looked like a sort of an Airedale the size of a Great Dane.

"He's a Czechoslovakian Squirtz Hound!" cried Alice. "I gave him to Raymond for Christmas!"

"No, he's a Yugoslavish Pisa Hound, and I gave him to Alice for Christmas," said Raymond.

"I never heard of either breed," said Mr. Potter, "but he seems a very unusual animal."

Foopski seemed to consider that that went for Mr. Potter too, and, restrained now by a husky leash, paid him flattering attention. Mr. Potter, once recovered from the shock of Foopski's welcome, was pleased, for although he owned no pet and seldom came in contact with other people's, he was really fond of dogs. While he and the Clarks chatted and sipped a cocktail, he and Foopski got along fine.

"I wonder if Peter wouldn't enjoy taking Foopski out for his evening exercise," ventured Alice with a bright glance at Raymond.

"Sure he would!" stated Raymond. "Just the thing!"

Mr. Potter started to agree willingly, then flushed painfully, realizing the public stares that so singular a dog would attract.

Alice read his thoughts. "Nobody'll look at *you*, stupid. Everybody gawks at the mutt. Ideal arrangement for drawing nassy ol' public eye *away* from 'ittle blushing violet."

Mr. Potter at length took her word for it and set about departing with Foopski, who seemed delighted. Secretly Mr. Potter was pleased himself at this opportunity for canine companionship, for he would have liked to own a dog to take walking with him, had not his wife firmly put her foot down on pets.

Accompanying them to the door Alice appeared to suffer what Mr. Potter later knew to have been feminine repentance. She said to Raymond "Hadn't he better take the str—?"

"The maid's night off."

"What shall I do, doctor? Paganini's sextet for the flute in B flat minor, adagio sostenuto, opus 496, number 29, has been running through my head for the past ten years!"

"Certainly not," said Raymond definitely. "You wouldn't want to be seen smacking a strap at a dog in public, would you, Peter? You can manage him, can't you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Mr. Potter. "I'm sure I can control him all right."

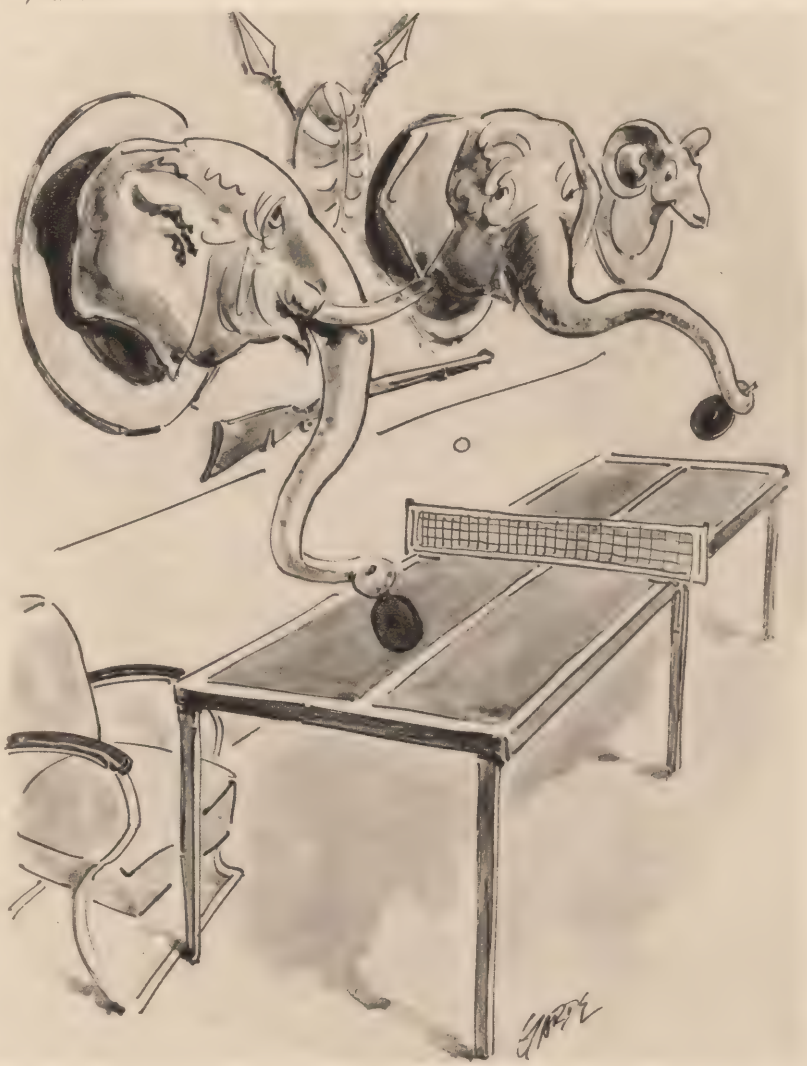
He and Foopski sallied forth. As soon as they reached the sidewalk of Fifth Avenue, Mr. Potter realized he had forgotten that exercise is not the only reason dogs are taken for walks, but it was then too late. Crimson, Mr. Potter turned his back and whistled a nonchalant tune as Foopski commenced sniffing. Jerked off his feet, in consternation he tugged to distract Foopski's attention from the impressive gold-braided trousers of a hotel doorman, but in that also he was too late.

Mr. Potter, having often himself suffered at the hands of an importunate Nature, could sympathize fully with any creature similarly distressed, but he did feel that just as humans must attend their needs within the bounds of decorum, so were there certain canine proprieties to be observed.

Foopski observed none. Conventional hydrants and corners of buildings lured him not at all. Perhaps it was the sporting element, the same that causes men to prefer shooting birds on the wing, but in all events no object save pedestrians impressed Foopski's darting eye.

In vain Mr. Potter hauled and yanked on the leash wrapped around both his hands. Like a berserk dray horse, Foopski galumphed insatiably down the block, pausing briefly here and there. Ladies shrieked, men shouted and cursed. In sanctuary across the street, spectators assembled. When a policeman strode around a corner, Foopski made for him joyously, and when Mr. Potter perceived that once more it was too late, Mr. Potter dropped the leash and fled.

He was in a state of near collapse when he reached the Clark apartment, but he could discern his two friends at a front window making strangled sounds of mirth. Raymond had a large strap in his hand and Alice was pleading, "For God's sake, go *on*, Ray, get *down* there—" and Raymond was guffawing, "Damn it, I don't want to miss any of it! *You* go!" Drawn, as it is human instinct to be drawn to a scene of horror, Mr. Potter joined them and gazed down upon Foopski with the policeman in tow bounding hither and yon, pausing briefly. . . . Raymond, holding his sides, thrust the strap into



"Anything to break this awful monotony, Judy."

Mr. Potter's shaking hands, gasping, "Here, *you* go back, you old quitter! Belt him a good one every time!"

Mr. Potter valorously went because some one had to go. Foopski saw him coming and emitted a yelp of pleasure. In his sudden panic of realization that he was to become far more of a public spectacle than he had heretofore been in Foopski's most lurid moments, Mr. Potter allowed his hand containing the strap to freeze in mid-air. The policeman grabbed the strap, but too late.

It was the policeman who got Foopski under control and, wielding the strap, maneuvered him to a hydrant. Mopping his brow and trowsers, the law said to Mr. Potter, "I was goin' to run ye in, but I won't since ye got it yerself. I ought to shoot ye both, but 'tis a sentimental fool about dogs I am! Take yer mutt home an' niver bring him out ag'in without a buggy whip!"

Mr. Potter didn't go to see the Clarks again for several weeks and when he did he found that both Alice and Raymond had lost weight and that they had given Foopski to a friend who lived on an eighty-acre farm and that they now owned a cat that didn't have to be taken out for exercise.

●

Radio stations should start off the morning broadcast with, "Who the hell left the radio on all night?"

—*Red Cat.*

STAND-IN

(*Continued from page 9*)

"I didn't know you knew him?" she said as soon as she could.

Gloria was rushing around frantically. "I only met him a couple of times. Went for him hard, too but he didn't even look at me! *Now* he wants to marry me! Just called me—Says he can't work! Can you beat it?"

Nellie couldn't beat it. She watched Gloria with misty eyes as she flew about directing her maids. Gloria suddenly swung around. "Listen, Nellie! You'll have to stand-in for me! I've got all I can do to get my clothes ready for this nutty writer and I know what those license bureaus are! There's always a line a mile long!"

Nellie winced. "What do you want *me* to do?"

Gloria hauled a mink coat out of the closet. "You meet Hotchkiss and stand in line with him and answer the questions! I'll get there in time to sign the papers! Go on, get a move on!"

Nellie went back to her room and took a cold shower. She needed it. Driving downtown she thought it all out methodically. She was getting just what she deserved for sticking her neck out. Now there was nothing to do but face the music. And pretty soon a schoolroom of smelly brats!

"I think I'll use it for business instead, it's too tight for hiking."

Earl was waiting at the license bureau. Throwing his arms around her he kissed her excitedly. "You're a darling!" he whispered.

"I'm a liar," said Nellie mechanically, "I'm not Gloria Glamore, I'm plain Nellie Jones. That was Gloria you talked to this morning. She just got home."

Earl looked at the tear trickling down her cheek, then he burst into wild laughter. "Don't tell me that!" he yelled. "My God, it's a classic!" He suddenly went into negro dialect. "Honey, will you all marry me? Sho', who is it?"

Nellie couldn't laugh. "It isn't very funny," she said.

Earl put his arms around her again. "Listen, you! It's the funniest, greatest, most colossal thing that ever happened! To me, anyway! I've got you and a story that will knock Sol Greenberg right in the aisle! Come on, we've got to hustle if we're going to catch that plane!"

●

Verse?

Some
girls are
built like
this one
Others
a r e
m o r e
l i k e
t h i s

But they usually end up like this.

—*Maine White Mule.*

"Ah'll meet yo heah again nex' Satiddy by Uncle Jeff."

SQOONCH BECOMES A LONE WOLF

(*Continued from page 23*)

turn your attention to much more inedible food. You see?"

Thursday sat down. "You know," he said, "I have a feeling that if I stood on top of that sink and jumped, I'd probably float along the ceiling."

"I haven't done any work on my levitation device lately," said the lone wolf, "but I'll turn my attention to it again one of these days. In the meantime, I want to call your attention to this instrument." He showed him a shining thing composed of discs and tubes. "This is one of the greatest boons ever invented for suffering humanity. You attach it to your grapefruit, and when the juice squirts into your eye it's mixed with boric acid, washing out the eye thoroughly and putting you in fine shape for a day's work. No one who values his health can afford to be without one."

"That's fine," said Thursday. "Is that all?"

"No," said Sqoonch. "I've got something that'll make them sing my praises till the crack of doom. It's an ice tray remover. You know how hard it is to get a tray of ice cubes out without shortening your life by generations. Well, I discovered the reason. They try to move the tray instead of the icebox. You see, the ice box is heavy, and if you had some way of moving it backwards while you had your hand on the tray, the tray with the cubes would be left in your hand. Look, I'll show you."

He opened the door of the ice box, put his hand on a tray of cubes, and pressed a button. "It's simple," he said

And so it was. The refrigerator, which was set against the wall, backed up through the wall with a thunderous noise of tearing wood and plaster, and disappeared through the gaping hole into the next room, leaving the master mind with an ice tray in his hand and an extremely puzzled look in his eyes.

When the plaster had stopped falling and the men were able to breathe once more, Sqoonch said: "Perhaps I had it too close to the wall."

"Perhaps you did," agreed Thursday. "Did you want a refrigerator in that next room, or was that just good luck?"

"It's my bedroom," said Sqoonch.

"So it is," agreed Thursday, looking through the hole in the wall. "What are those tracks next to your bed?"

Sqoonch brightened. "Oh, I wanted to tell you about that. Come into the bedroom and I'll show you," he stepped through the wall, followed by Thursday.

"Another one of your labor-saving devices," commented Thursday. "Why waste time and effort going through doors when you can go through the wall? Fits in any home, anybody can operate it—"

"That's not funny," said Sqoonch. "At least, it won't be, after Mrs. Sqoonch sees it. Those tracks are my latest contribution to the bathtub problem. You know, the greatest objection to taking your morning bath is that you have to get out of a warm bed and go home—ah, I mean, you have to go into the bathroom. Well, this newest invention of mine is going to make a sanitary nation of us, a clean nation. The backbone of America will be scrubbed in comfort every morning. I've got this thing fixed so all you have to do is stretch out your hand from the bed and press this button. The bath fills up with water of exactly the right temperature, and a moment later the door opens and it comes rolling in on these tracks, coming to a halt right next to the bed. All you have to do is let yourself down into it. I'll show you how it works."

He pressed the button. There was a slight wait, and then the door opened and the bathtub came sailing grandly into the room, accompanied by loud screams and denunciations.

"Say honey, I didn't intend to leave that behind!"

Mrs. Sqoonch was sitting in the tub, and very much excited she was, too.

A wild look came into Sqoonch's eye, a hunted look. He made a leap for the button and pressed it, and the tub reversed its course, glided out of the room, and the door closed behind it, cutting off the sound of Mrs. Sqoonch's excited voice.

"I'm sorry," said Sqoonch, a little dazed, but always the master of the situation. "I didn't know she was taking a bath."

Our man Thursday, a modest chap, had turned red as a citizen of Moscow. "I say," he stammered, "I'm—awfully sorry—awfully sorry— I shouldn't have looked, you know, but I couldn't help it—"

"Quite all right, quite all right," said the lone wolf, always the gentleman, putting him at his ease. "Skinny wench, isn't she?"

—*Lyon Mearson*

"Fast! Isn't she!"

KIND LADY

(*Continued from page* 18)

she were with fine friends or some handsome man or even her husband—my God, I don't even know if she's married or not, but I had to come anyway. Of *course* any one so beautiful would be married, or would have been married anyway, but I thought maybe by this time she might be divorced—"

He flushed agonizedly and seized his fork and speared viciously at his stew. "Oh, I'm nuts to talk to you like this, but gosh I've felt so—meal after meal and day after day going by without her coming in, and I've got to go back to Frisco in half an hour and then back east and I'll probably never get to Los Angeles again. This was my one chance to see her and know that she's still just as beautiful as she's stayed in my dreams—" He stopped and stared at the waitress as though he were beholding an angel. "You—you know her. You talk with her—you serve her." The reverent awe in his eyes changed to fright. "Listen, a while ago you asked me how long since I'd seen her—as if—as if she'd changed—"

"I was just kidding you," said the waitress in a strong harsh voice. "Don't worry, she's beautiful still. She's the most beautiful wo— girl that comes in this restaurant. She's the most beautiful girl in Hollywood. Why, if her speech had only took good she'd have Dietrich and Garbo right off the map to-day!"

Fifteen minutes later the young man put a fifty-cent piece under his plate and hurried out to catch his train, and he didn't look entirely unhappy. "Well, I'll never get to see her now," he said, "but I can always think of her as you've told me about her. Thank you—and I certainly wish you the best of luck."

The fat blond waitress took a menu to an elderly lady with bright red hair sitting across from where the young man had sat.

"Well," said the red-haired lady, "and how's Marie the Kind Lady?"

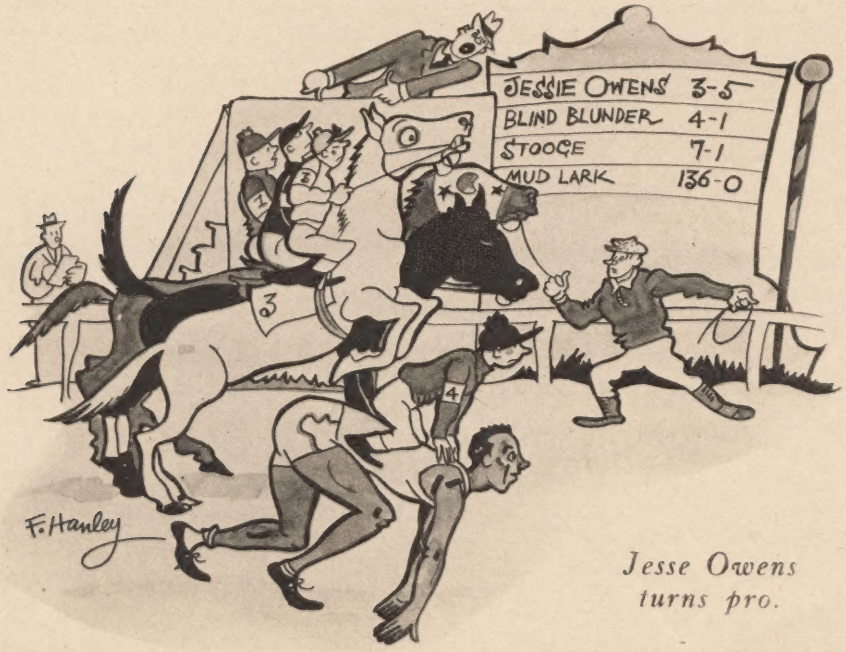
"Kinder than ever," said the fat waitress. "It's a habit, I guess."

"C'mon Godiva,—the Park's closed!"

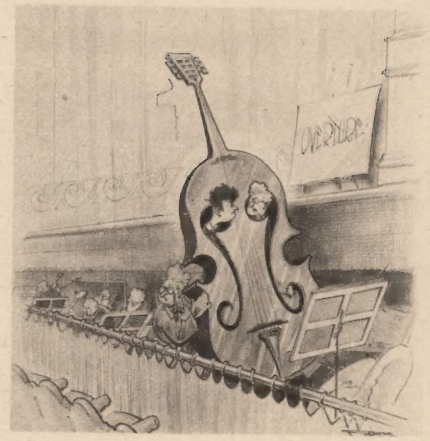
●

Johnnie—My sister has a wooden leg.

Freddie—That's nothin'. My sister has a cedar chest. —*Widow.*



Jesse Owens turns pro.



"Guess what? I'm gonna sneeze!"

SHIP TO SHORE CALL

"Hello, New York. We're ready with v 34."

"Hello! Hello! Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Hello Baby! Can you hear me? It's wonderful . . . hearing your precious little voice, Baby. . . . Do you love your little Mel, Baby? I love Quidgey . . . you bet I do. Isn't this wonderful talking like this. I'm on a boat fifteen hundred miles out on the ocean. What are you doing? Are you alone? You wouldn't kid me, Baby. God! how I've missed you! I think about you all of the time. We have been having a terrible trip. Two days of storm. . . . I'm all right. . . . Oh, I'm all right if you love your Mel. . . . We won't dock till late Thursday. . . . Thursday . . . the day before Friday . . . it will be late in the evening. . . . I know this costs money but I don't care what it costs so long as I know that you love me . . . Any unfinished business, Baby. . . . Oh yes . . . the trip was all right . . . I'll tell you all about it. . . . I won't cable you tomorrow. . . . Do you mind? . . . Listen, Baby. . . That's just the question . . . the boat docks late in the evening and I have to catch the plane to the coast right away. . . . I'll just have time to make it. . . . No . . . you see the family will be at the boat . . . you understand? . . . At the airport? . . . Well, that would be rather difficult. . . . If you love me I suppose I could. I'll see you when I get back.

"Your three minutes are up. Do you wish to continue?"

"Of course I wish to continue."

"Hello. Hello. Do you wish to continue, Baby? What's that! Oh, I see. I get you. I'm sorry I bothered to call. To hell with it! . . . Good-bye."

HOW TO USE THE NEW TELEPHONE BOOK

Ballyhoo takes great pleasure in publishing free to its readers, this "Supplementary Help" for Timid Telephoners

HOW TO FIND NAMES

Many people, in trying to find a name, do so by attempting to skim through the pages of the book. This is the wrong way to do, especially if the name you're after lives in New York and you are skimming through a Brooklyn book. The correct way to find a name is as follows: If the name is Zhmphschlitz give the whole thing up and call somebody else. If the name is Jones, look under the names beginning with J. Of course, there are some five hundred Jones in the book and if you happen to be looking for William Jones you'll find about fifty of these but remember, Rome wasn't built in a day.

HOW TO ANSWER PHONE

Many people dislike answering phones because someone at the other end always says, "When are you going to pay that bill, you bum!" but there is a simple way to disguise the voice which anyone can use. When the bell rings, place the receiver on the floor and stand on your head so that your mouth is in juxtaposition to the mouthpiece. Nine times out of ten, when you do this, the caller will say "wrong number!"

HOW TO ANSWER THE PHONE WHILE BATHING

Many of our subscribers complain that the phone always rings when they are in the tub and yet they do not wish to go to the expense of installing an extension. To prevent such inconvenience simply leave the receiver off the hook, and if anyone calls yell loudly, "I'm in the tub, I'll call you back!" On second thought we realize that the phone couldn't ring with the receiver off so leave it on and yell just the same.

EMERGENCY CALLS

This is where the telephone fulfills its greatest need. Suppose you are in a stuffy clothes closet with an irate husband gallumping around outside with a gun. What do you do? Just dial the operator and say, "I want a magician."

To report a fire, dial the operator and say, "I want to report a fire." If the operator says playfully, "Aw, now what do you want to do that for?" just throw the phone out the window and let the damn house burn.

In requesting a policeman be a little considerate. After all, they have long hours.

OUT OF TOWN CALLS

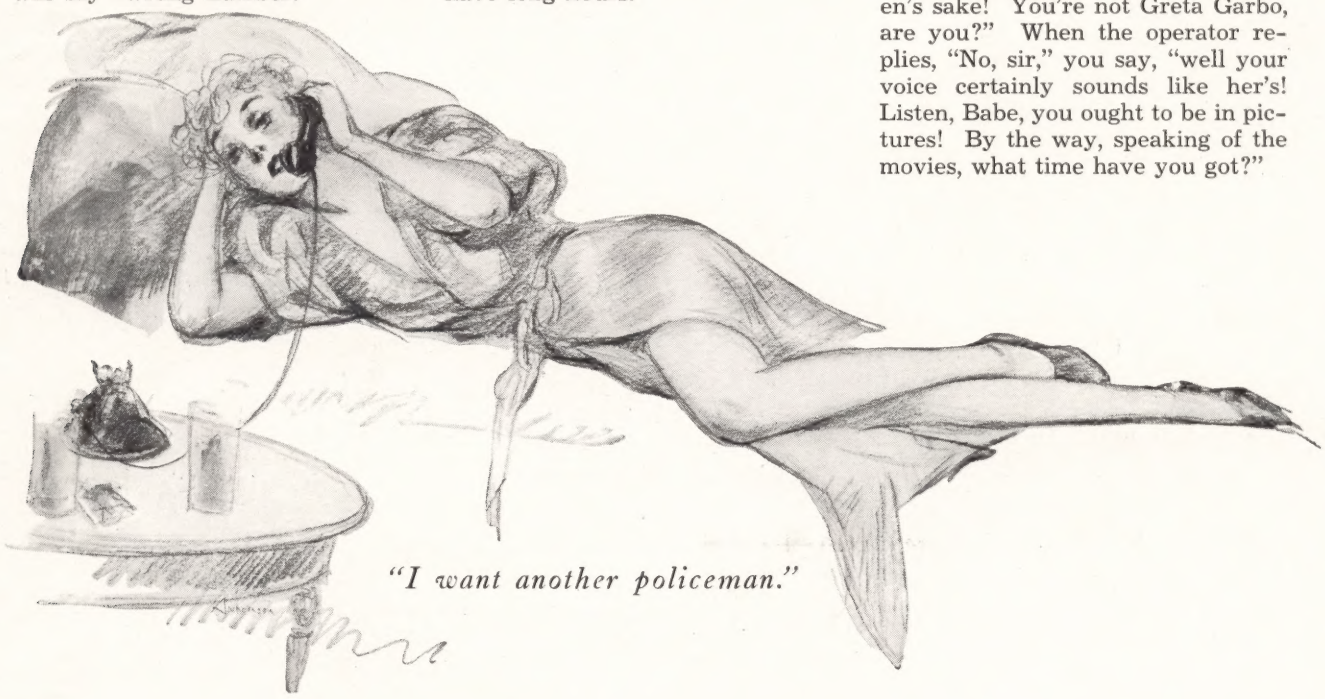
When in a friend's apartment and you wish to telephone Los Angeles simply dial the operator and speak in a very low voice so that your friend can't hear you.

HOW TO CALL A MARRIED WOMAN

Telephone users invariably find that when they call a married woman the husband always answers the phone. This can be easily remedied by first sending the husband a wire saying, "Meet me at Penn station immediately—Auntie" and then phoning. Of course, after several such decoys, the husband is apt to get suspicious but by that time you'll be sick of the wife anyway.

HOW TO GET CORRECT TIME WITHOUT PAYING

Many subscribers object to being charged a call for dialing Meridian 7-1212 and receiving the correct time. A simple way to avoid this charge is to call the operator and when she answers, say, "For Heaven's sake! You're not Greta Garbo, are you?" When the operator replies, "No, sir," you say, "well your voice certainly sounds like her's! Listen, Babe, you ought to be in pictures! By the way, speaking of the movies, what time have you got?"



"I want another policeman."

G-MEN SMASH WORLD WIDE DOPE RING

Notorious Woman Heroin-Runner Recaptured by Government Agents Reveals Gigantic "White Death" Syndicate.

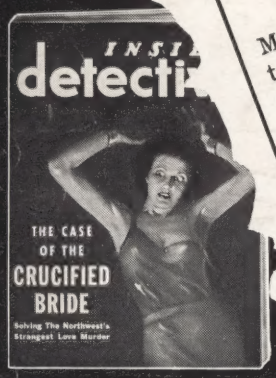
Molly Wendt, slim, lovely Eurasian, was taken into custody by sharp-eyed custom officers who discovered over $10,000 worth of heroin secreted in her luggage. Suspicion was aroused as this attractive dope-runner was disembarking at San Pedro, California. Custom officials thought it strange that she, having sailed from Hong Kong, should have luggage obviously of American manufacture. Close inspection of her trunks revealed a false bottom and a secret compartment in which was hidden a large store of heroin, deadliest of the narcotics that yearly bring "white death" to countless American addicts.

Molly Wendt was immediately turned over to government agents. Shortly afterward, she outwitted her guards and made a daring escape. Only after her getaway, was it learned that she was the smoothest international adventuress in decades . . . the secret emissary of an unholy world-wide dope syndicate.

The entire government machinery for the tracing of criminals was immediately turned to this seductive Eurasian. The G-Men were spurred to the most thrilling chase on record. Joining with the Federal agents of Cuba and Mexico, they launched a drive which quickly resulted in the capture of this lovely pawn of the dope-masters. Molly Wendt served as the key that resulted in the complete smashing of the most vicious drug ring in history . . . with death and disaster at the end of the trail for the barons who were responsible for the enslaving of untold thousands of dope addicts.

Now, for the first time, the inside story of Molly Wendt, drug-runner deluxe, can be told. Taken from official government records by John Alexander, INSIDE DETECTIVE's Washington correspondent, the story of "White Death" is all the more thrilling because every word is true. Read this amazing expose in the March issue of INSIDE DETECTIVE.

Molly Wendt, after she had been captured a second time and brought to trial in Los Angeles. Dying of tuberculosis, she was wheeled to court in a chair, and was given probation by the judge, so that she may go back to China to die. She looks innocent, but she was the American emissary of a Eurasian dope ring.



Among the dozen other exciting inside stories in the March issue are:

- ★ The Case of the Crucified Bride—the Northwest's most ghastly murder enigma.
- ★ His Brother's Name was Cain —a merciless Indiana poisoning with an incredible solution.
- ★ Pennsylvania's Stolen Love Murder—in which police followed a slender clue to a staggering discovery.

The March INSIDE DETECTIVE is crammed with fascinating fact stories from documented sources. Every word is true, and the inside story of many famous cases is revealed for the first time.

INSIDE DETECTIVE 10 CENTS